

TO GET THE LIFE OF LUXURY OF WHICH SHE HAD ALWAYS DREAMED, REDHEADED LINA FOYLE AND HER TRIGGER-HAPPY BOYFRIEND WENT ON A SPREE OF ROBBERY AND SHOOTING THAT FINALLY ENDED IN---MURDER!
"LINA FOYLE--
GUN MOLL!"



TOO MANY RICH OLD MEN HAD DIED AT THE MYSTERIOUS DR. ROLF'S MOUNTAIN SANITORIUM! BEAUTIFUL JANICE GREER FOUND HERSELF BATTLING THE WEIRD MENACE OF THE HOUSE WHERE...
"DEATH COMES LAUGHING!"

HE HAD MONEY FOR WOMEN AND LIQUOR--AN INHERITED FORTUNE! HE DID NOT HAVE TO PREY UPON HIS FELLOW MAN IN ORDER TO EXIST, BUT THIS RUTHLESS KILLER WAS A MANIAC WHO DESTROYED FOR PLEASURE!
"SONNY TERHUNE--
MACHINE-GUN MADMAN!"



FRANCIS O'CONNOR USED HER CUNNING BRAIN AND FANTASTIC PHYSICAL STRENGTH TO DRENCH THE PAGES OF CRIME WITH THE MISERY AND BLOOD OF HER VICTIMS!
"THE EMPRESS OF CRIME!"

KILLERS ON THE LOOSE!

MOST PEOPLE THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY RESORT TO VIOLENCE, BUT FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS DIFFERENT! SHE WAS A THROWBACK TO THE CAVE WOMAN AND HER LIFE A SERIES OF VIOLENT INCIDENTS! BEAUTIFUL, POSSESSING FANTASTIC PHYSICAL STRENGTH, A CUNNING BRAIN, AND SUPPORTING AN ADOLESCENT INFERIORITY COMPLEX, SHE DRENCHED THE PAGES OF CRIME WITH THE MISERY AND BLOOD OF HER VICTIMS--UNTIL AN AROUSED SOCIETY FINALLY TORE HER DOWN FROM HER PERCH OF DEATH! THIS IS HER STORY---

FRANCINE O'CONNOR-- "The EMPRESS of CRIME"

THE DOOR'S LOCKED!
WE'VE TAKEN THE
WRONG ROUTE!

YOU'LL STAY HERE AND
LIKE IT! WE'RE KILLING
THEM ALL!

I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!
I DON'T WANNA DIE!

CHARLIE FOLSOM, MANAGER OF A TWO-BIT CARNIVAL NEAR A SMALL WESTERN TOWN, LOOKED AT THE TALL, BEAUTIFUL AMAZON WHO Faced HIM...

I KNEW YOU'D COME
BACK, HONEY!

I'M NEVER GOING
TO LEAVE HERE
AGAIN!

THE AMAZON WAS FRANCINE O'CONNOR, THE CARNIVAL STRONG-WOMAN. HER EYES WERE BRIMMING WITH TEARS. WHAT HAD CAUSED THIS? LET US TURN BACK TO THE PAST--TO HER CHILDHOOD...

YOU MUST BE THE HOUSE,
AN' I'LL BE--

FRED... THAT CHILD'S STRENGTH
IS UNBELIEVABLE! I... IT'S NOT RIGHT,
I TELL YOU! WE MUST HIDE IT!



AND HER PARENTS DID... FOR AWHILE. FRANCINE'S STRENGTH WAS ABNORMAL, EASILY BRINGING A STIGMA ON AN IMPRESSIONABLE GIRL. ONE NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTEEN...

THAT WAS A SWELL MOVIE GIRLS...
 OKAY, BABES! HAND OVER YOUR PURSES!



EEEEEEEEEE

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!!

UGHHH! OH HH!

FRANCINE... H-HE'S NOT MOVING...! Y-YOU'VE KILLED HIM... I ONLY WANTED HIM TO DROP HIS GUN! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIM!



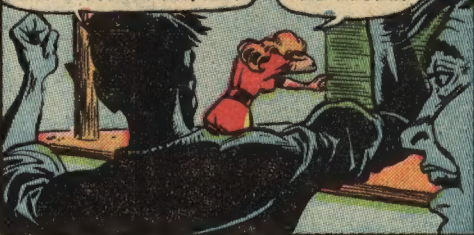
THE NEXT MORNING REPORTERS AND ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE CAME TO SEE HER. HER NAME BECAME PUBLIC...HER LIFE, A MESS...

WHY ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT ME? WHY MUST THEY TORTURE ME THIS WAY?



HER NEIGHBORS, BOYFRIENDS, TOTAL STRANGERS LOOKED AT HER ANEW! HERE WAS A NOVELTY... A GIRL OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH... SOMETHING TO BE ENVIED, MOCKED, HATED...!

YAAHH! COME ON FRANCIE, LET'S FIGHT! HA, HA!
 PLEASE... LEAVE ME ALONE!



AND TWO YEARS WENT BY... THE SMALL COMMUNITY OSTRACIZED HER! SHE WAS ALMOST SIX FEET TALL, AND WEIGHED 160 POUNDS...

I'M A FREAK, MOTHER! WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT I AM... THEN I WANT TO GET PAID FOR IT!



AT FIRST THE O'CONNOR FAMILY WOULD NOT HEAR OF IT, BUT CONSTANT BICKERING FINALLY FORCED THEM TO YIELD...

NOW, YOU'RE SURE...? YES, POPS! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!
 DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER!



FRANCINE BECAME THE BIGGEST DRAW IN THE CARNIVAL AS THE YEARS PASSED BY. SHE GREW MORE BEAUTIFUL AND MORE STRONG...



...THEN ONE DAY, SHE DECIDED TO FACE THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN...

I'M YOUNG... I WANT TO BE LIKE OTHERS, CHARLIE! I WANT MARRIAGE, A FAMILY!

GO AHEAD... BUT YOU'LL BE BACK!



SO SHE LEFT, CHANGED HER NAME, AND TOOK A CLERICAL POSITION. BUT HER STRENGTH COULDN'T BE HIDDEN FOR LONG...

WOW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

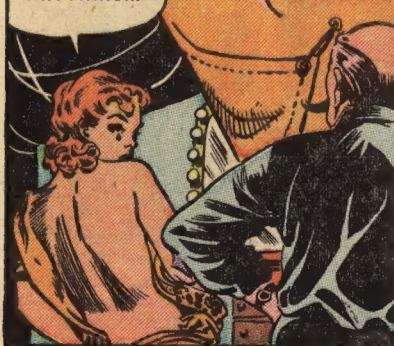
LET'S SEE IF SHE CAN BEAT ME IN AN ARM-WRESTLE! HA, HA...



IT WAS THE SAME EVERYWHERE SHE WENT. HER CHILDHOOD HAD LEFT ITS MARK... AND NOW SHE WAS BACK...

WE'LL HAVE FIVE SPOTLIGHTS AND THREE BARKERS!

ANYTHING...



BUT FRANCINE WAS A GIRL IN LOVE, AND...ONE NIGHT ON THE EXPRESS HIGHWAY, WHERE A MOTORIST HAD PARKED FOR A MOMENT'S REST---

OKAY, BUD...HAND OVER YOUR WALLET!

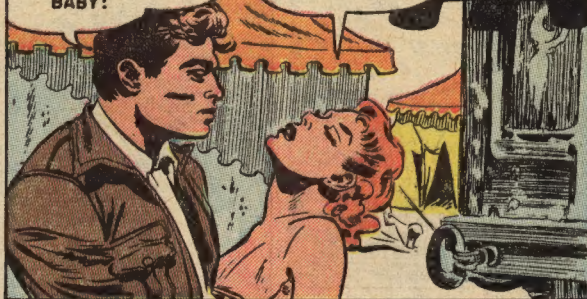
WHAT IS THIS? HELP! I'M BEING ROBBED!



SHE WAS DIFFERENT NOW... GRIM, WITHDRAWN! THEN SHE MET ART FAROLA, ONE OF THE NEW ROUSTABOUTS, THE FIRST MAN EVER TO SHOW HER KIND ATTENTION...

IT'LL BE A GINCH! DO IT FOR ME, BABY!

I... I DON'T KNOW, ART...



HELP... MMMPPFFF... GAGGHHHH!

SHUT UP!

OKAY, BABY...! THAT'S ENOUGH! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT! HA, HA...



THEY BRANCHED OUT TO OTHER CRIMES. STORE THEFTS, LOFT ROBBERIES... UNTIL ONE DAY THEY WERE CAUGHT...

DROP THOSE GUNS, BOTH OF YOU!

WHO'S GONNA MAKE US, COPPERS? I'LL---AARGGGH!



YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED ART! I'LL MAKE YOU PAY!

GRAB HER, MEN! SHE'S AN ENTIRE ARMY!



FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS GIVEN A TEN-YEAR SENTENCE AND SENT TO WOMEN'S PRISON, WHERE THE TOUGHEST FEMALE CRIMINALS WERE...

THERE'S THE GREEN PIGEON! LET'S TEACH HER WE'RE THE IMPORTANT ONES HERE!

OKAY! HEY, YOU! LOOK UP WHEN WE TALK TO YOU! WHAT WE SAY GOES!



YOU AND WHO ELSE?



GRANDALL GOT SMACKED BY THE NEW FISH! FROM NOW ON I'LL DO THE BOSSING! SAY, SHE'S GOOD!

YOU'LL BOSS NO ONE, O'CONNOR! GET TO WORK!



BUT WITHIN SIX MONTHS, FRANCINE WAS RULING THE INMATES WITH HER IRON FISTS...

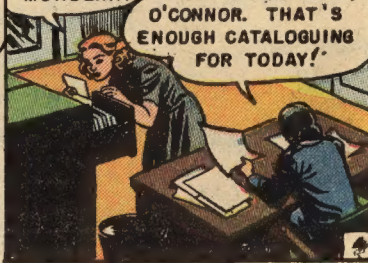
HERE YOU ARE, DEARIE! PSSST... SHE IS, EH? SHE'LL LEARN TO GIVE ME HER QUOTA OF CIGARETTES LIKE THE OTHERS!



SHE WAS COMPLETELY COOPERATIVE AND OBEDIENT WITH THE PRISON OFFICIALS, HOWEVER, AND SOON BECAME A TRUSTY IN THE FILE ROOM.

ELLIS, EVELYN... ARMED ROBBERY! ELKINS, ROBERTA... ASSAULT! ELSWORTH, DOROTHY... MURDER...

ALL RIGHT, O'CONNOR. THAT'S ENOUGH CATALOGUING FOR TODAY!



A YEAR... TWO... PASSED. FRANCINE BECAME A HARD-ENED VETERAN OF THE PRISON, AND SMART ENOUGH TO THINK OF A DARING PLAN OF ESCAPE...

...BUT WILL IT WORK? WHEN I SAY IT WILL, IT WILL, STUPID!



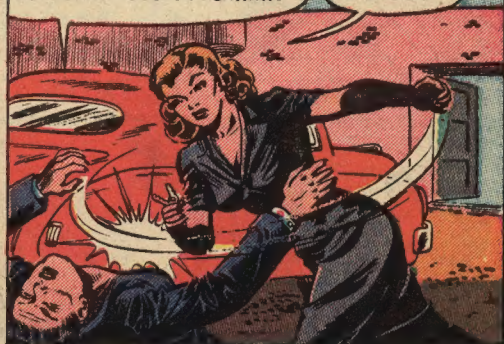
TWO MORNINGS LATER, THE MATRONS AT THE FACTORY WARD WERE JUST CHANGING SHIFTS, WHEN... CALL THE WARDEN... LET'S GO! WE WANT OUTTA HERE! OUT OF OUR WAY! HURRY! IT'S A PRISON BREAK!



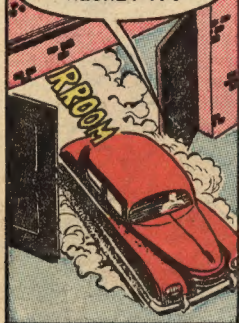
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PRISON, INSIDE THE FILE-ROOM, WAITING FOR THE BREAK, WAS FRANCINE... THERE IT IS! AND THE MATRON'S CAR IS PARKED OUTSIDE THE GATE, AS IT ALWAYS IS! HA, HA... SO LONG, SUCKERS!



HERE, YOU...! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! STOP... UGHMMH! DRY UP, FATSO!



HERE I COME, WORLD! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET IT!



THE PRISON BREAK WAS HALTED, BUT FRANCINE O'CONNOR HAD MADE GOOD HER ESCAPE. THEN, WHEN SOME OF THE INMATES WERE PARDED, SHE SENT FOR THEM...

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF THESE GORILLAS BRINGING ME HERE? OH, IT'S YOU, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN'...

SHUT UP, AND LISTEN...

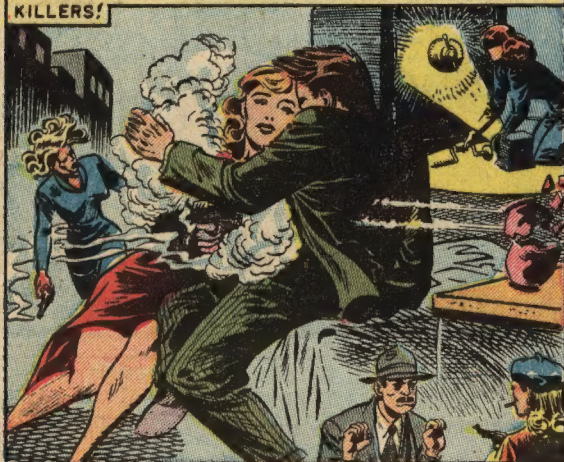


YOU'RE OUT NOW, AREN'T YOU? AND IF I DIDN'T MAKE IT, YOU WOULDN'T BE GETTING THIS BREAK! I NEED YOU... NEED YOUR SKILL WITH A GUN. I'LL PAY YOU WELL... A GRAND A JOB...

A...A GRAND? S...SURE! BUT WHAT'S THE DEAL



FRANCINE HAD ORGANIZED A GANG! SHE HAD PICKED EACH CRIMINAL EXPERT FROM THOSE FILES IN PRISON...AND MORE! EACH TIME A DESIRED INMATE WAS DISCHARGED, SHE WAS WELCOMED INTO A GROWING MEMBERSHIP OF KILLERS--**FEMALE KILLERS!**



OKAY, GIRLS!
GOT EVERYTHING?

YEAH! LET'S
BLOW!



HELP! THEY 'AVE ROBBED
MY ESTABLISHMENT!
OOOHH!

THAT'LL SHUT
YOU UP! GET
GOING!



AND IF PEOPLE THOUGHT GIRLS COULDN'T BE AS VICIOUS AS MALE HOODLUMS THEY WERE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN...



THE DANGEROUS AMAZON NOW MOVED HER OPERATIONS TO THE BIG CITIES AND CROWDED IN ON THE POWERFUL RACKETEERS.

THAT'S MY OFFER, YOU'RE NUTS!
DUKE! TAKE IT! MY BOYS
OR LEAVE IT! WOULD KNOCK
YOU OFF IF YOU
TRIED TO HORN IN!



YOU'RE BETTER OFF BEING
MY FRAIL!
OWWW!

I'M *NOBODY'S*
GIRL! NOW I'M
TELLING YOU...
EITHER YOU CUT
ME IN OR...
ELSE...



WHY, YOU...!

DON'T TRY IT!
I'D BREAK YOUR
NECK WITH ONE SQUEEZE
...BUT IN CASE I DON'T, MY
GIRLS WOULD FINISH YOU!
NOW TELL YOUR PALS
TO COME
ACROSS!!

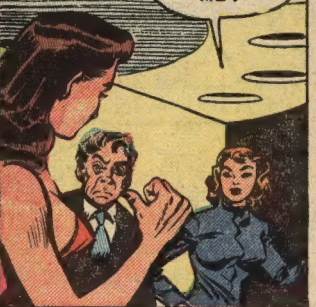


SO THE "WEAKER SEX" CAME INTO THE FOLD, AND FRANCINE O'CONNOR BECAME *EMPRESS OF CRIME!*



TWO YEARS LATER SAW O'CONNOR AND CO. STILL ON TOP! BUT SOMETHING WAS DESTINED TO GIVE...

SOMEONE SQUEALED ABOUT YOUR BEING A JAILBIRD! THE COPS ARE OUTSIDE... GRAB THOSE FILES... AND FOLLOW ME!



FRANCINE WAS WELL-PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY. SHE RACED THROUGH A SEWER OUTLET TO HER GET-AWAY CAR. BUT FATE HAD ANOTHER PLAN...

HURRY...THEY'RE GAINING ON US! PUFF...PUFF... HALT...OR WE'LL FIRE! FIRE, AND BE HANGED!



FRANCINE...IT'S LOCKED! WE'VE TAKEN THE WRONG WAY! WHAT? IT CAN'T BE! HERE...LET ME TRY IT! UGHNNNN!



I'M GOING BACK! I...I DON'T WANNA DIE!



N...NO! DON'T SHOOT! Y-A-A-A-A-H!



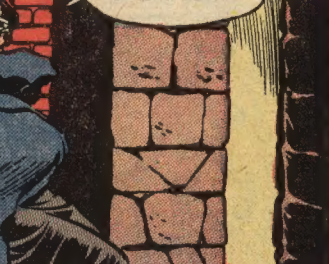
HERE...GIVE ME THAT TYPEWRITER!



I WANT TO SEE MY LAWYER!



SISTER, WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WON'T NEED A LAWYER!



FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS RE-SENTENCED AND EXECUTED THREE MONTHS LATER! THUS, ENDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIME CAREERS ON RECORD... ANOTHER THRILLING ACCOUNT FROM THE FILES OF... *PRISON-BREAK!*

Be the MASTER not the slave!

Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE

Learn this Quick, Easy Way

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!



BOXING

K.O. Punching,
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WRESTLING

Police Wrestling,
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JIU-JITSU

As taught to
Marines, "G"
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50c



BOXING



WRESTLING



JIU-JITSU

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You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

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Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes.

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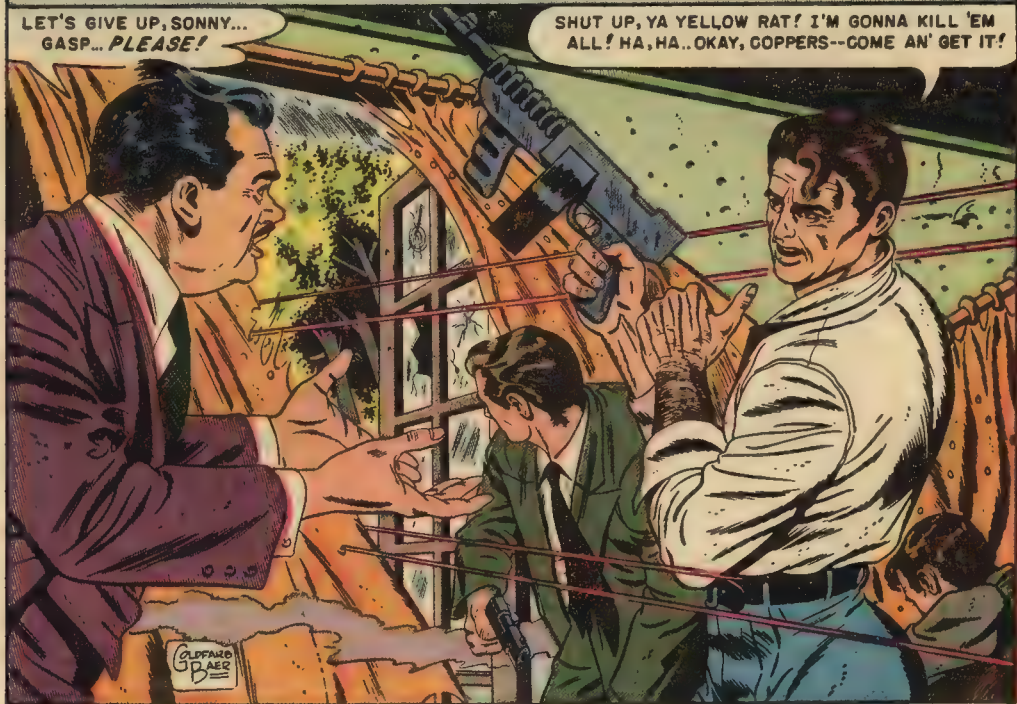
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If bought
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each—
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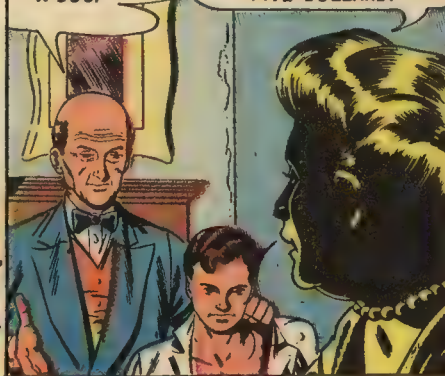
SONNY TERHUNE machine-gun madman!



SONNY
TERHUNE WAS
FOURTEEN,
AN ONLY
CHILD. HE WAS
SPOILED, PAM-
PERED AND
RICH. HIS
SOCIAL-
LY PROMINENT
FAMILY IN-
DULGED HIM
IN EVERY
WHIM--EVEN
IN THE VICIOUS,
SADISTIC
PRANKS HE
WOULD DEVISE.

MADAME...
MASTER TERHUNE
WAS MALTREATING
A DOG!

THANK YOU, DAWSON...
SONNY--I'M CUTTING
YOUR ALLOWANCE TO
FIVE DOLLARS!



...AND HE NEVER FORGOT A GRIEVANCE!
HIS ATTITUDE WAS THAT HE OWNED THE
WORLD AND EVERYONE IN IT!

I'LL FIX THAT DIRTY SQUEALER...
THESE THREE STORAGE BATTERIES
I SNITCHED FROM DAD'S
GARAGE SHOULD DO
THE TRICK...



SO, A FEW MORNINGS LATER, AS DAWSON PUT HIS HAND ON THE GATE TO OPEN IT!

HA, HA...
THAT'LL
TEACH
YOU!

OWWWWWWWWW

WHY, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!
IF I DIDN'T HAVE BETTER
MANNERS, I'D...

TAKE YOUR HANDS
OFF ME! I'LL GET DAD
TO FIRE YOU!

AND SONNY DID TELL HIS
PARENTS, BUT HIS FAMILY
KNEW HIM TOO WELL! SO
HE DECIDED TO GET EVEN
IN HIS OWN WAY...

YOU
THINK
IT'LL WORK?

SURE... IT'S
EASY... NOW,
HERE'S WHAT
I WANT YOU
TO DO---

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

OKAY... THERE HE IS! GET
HIM, BOYS!

THAT'S IT! HIT HIM!
HIT HIM! HA, HA, HA...

OH... OH...

THE BUTLER WAS BEATEN SO HORRIBLY THAT
FOR DAYS HE HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
WHEN HE RECOVERED SUFFICIENTLY, THE POLICE
BROUGHT IN A VISITOR...

I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING! YOU
CAN'T PROVE
IT!

HERE HE IS, MR.
DAWSON! WAS HE
THE GANG LEADER?

YES!

THE MATTER WAS HUSHED BY THE TERNHUNE
FAMILY, BUT THE PASSING YEARS DID NOT
ERASE THEIR SON'S VICIOUSNESS...

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE TAKEN YOUR
POP'S CAR, SONNY!

THE OLD JERK
WON'T MIND! COME
ON... LET'S HAVE
SOME FUN!

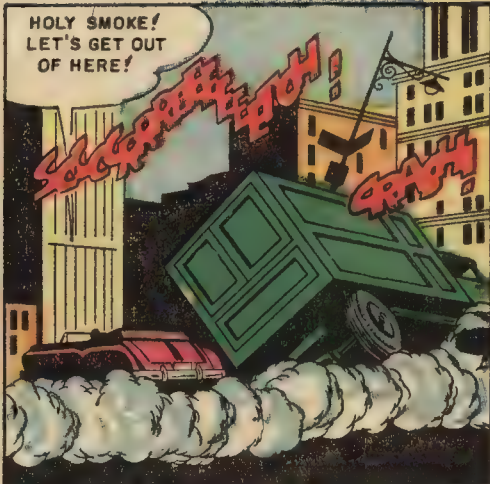
THE CAR PICKED UP SPEED... COMING FROM THE SAME SIDE OF THE STREET WAS A U.S. MAIL TRUCK. SONNY AND HIS WILD FRIENDS DECIDED TO PLAY TAG...

HA, HA... WHAT'S THE MATTER? SCARED?

HEY... CUT THAT OUT! YA-A-A-A-A-H!



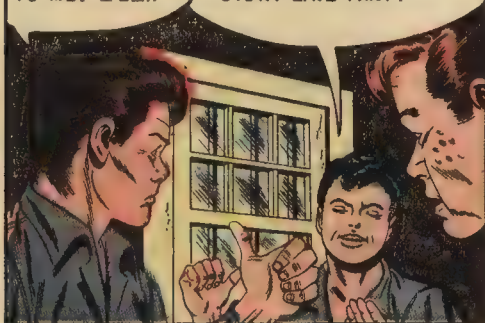
HOLY SMOKE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



BUT A DOZEN PEDESTRIANS HAD TAKEN DOWN THEIR LICENSE NUMBER! SONNY WAS SENT TO REFORM SCHOOL DESPITE HIS FAMILY'S INFLUENCE. THE DRIVER HAD DIED...

THOSE DIRTY BULLS DID THIS TO ME! I'LL...

AH, DRY UP! YOU HAD IT COMING FOR A DUMB STUNT LIKE THAT!



THREE YEARS LATER SONNY WAS DISCHARGED... HANDSOME, SMART, TOUGHER, HAVING LEARNED NEW CRIMINAL TECHNIQUES, HE CAME BACK INTO THE FAMILY FOLD...

SON, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME!

SAVE IT, MOTHER! I'M NOT A KID ANYMORE!



TERHUNE'S PARENTS STILL HAD FAITH IN HIM. SONNY WAS GROOMED FOR HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS. THINGS WENT SMOOTHLY UNTIL ONE NIGHT...

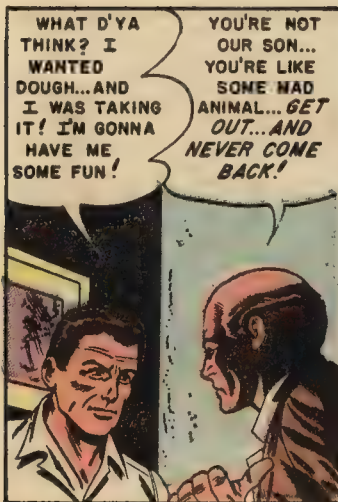
ANOTHER DAY OF THIS AND I'LL GO NUTS! LET'S SEE... WHAT'S THE COMBO TO THIS CAN...?



WHAT THE...? OH, IT'S YOU TWO!

YES, IT'S US! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT I COULD'VE KILLED YOU! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

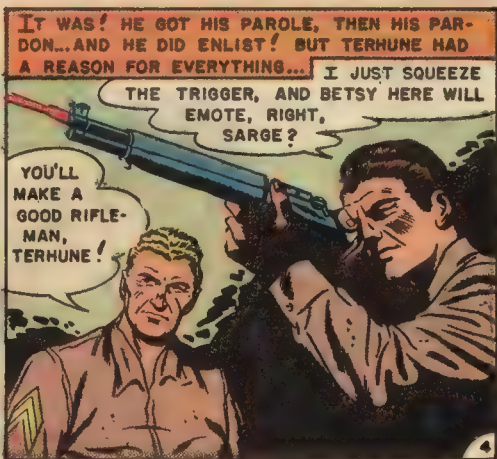
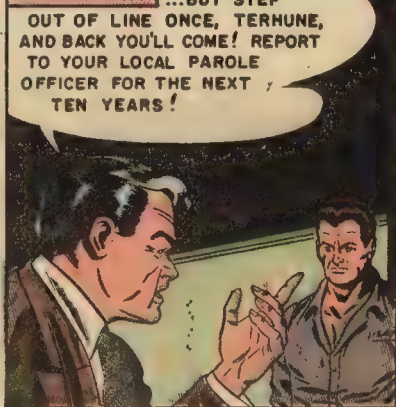




SO TERHUNE WOUND UP IN PRISON. HE BECAME A REGULAR INMATE, MAKING FRIENDS AMONG THE CONS AND LEARNING EVERYTHING THEY KNEW...



AGAIN LUCK INTERVENED! GOOD CONDUCT AND CUNNING BRAINS WON HIM A PAROLE... ..BUT STEP



AFTER BECOMING THE BEST GUNNER IN HIS OUTFIT, SONNY TERHUNE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN COMBAT!

HA, HA, COME ON, BOYS, I GOT TWO MORE!

BRR, THAT GUY LIKES TO KILL!



DISCHARGED, THE OLD CRIMINAL LIFE DREW HIM BACK TO LAW-BREAKING. BUT HIS FINE WAR RECORD DREW HIM ANOTHER PAROLE AFTER A SHORT TIME...

JUST A FEW MORE MONTHS OF REPORTING HERE, SONNY AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN!

YEAH... THAT'S SWELL!



BUT WHILE ON A TRUCKING JOB FOR A GROCERY FIRM, TERHUNE RAN A NUMBERS RACKET...

HOLD 'ER STEADY, FINK, WHILE I TALLY UP THE DAY'S TAKE!

THAT CAR'S TOO CLOSE... WATCH OUT!



A LOW-SLUNG LIMOUSINE HAD ALMOST CRASHED INTO THEIR TRUCK!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

BUSTER! ... I'M GONNA...!

LAY OFF, MONK! SLUGS IS WAITING FOR US!



WE COULD OF BEEN KILT!

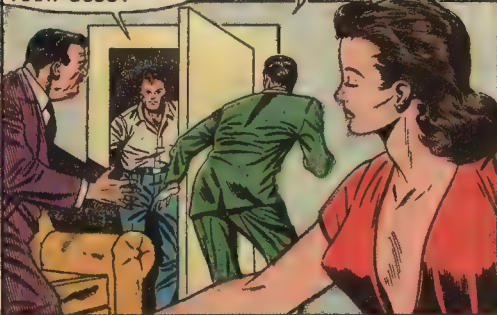
YEAH...! HUMM... THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING DAME... I'VE HEARD OF SLUGS... SLUGS MORELLI... YEAH, FINK, THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING DAME!



TWO DAYS LATER AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF RACKETEER SLUGS MORELLI...

COME ON, BIG BOY... LET ME IN! I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOUR BOSS!

WELL... IF IT ISN'T WISE GUY! BOSS, SHALL I...



NO... HOLD IT, MONK! I LIKE HIS NERVE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BUD?

SONNY TERHUNE... I'M A DICER SPECIALIST... AND I WANT IN WITH YOUR GROUP!



SONNY
TALKED
FAST...
TEN MINUTES
LATER, HE
AND THE
MORELLI
GANG HAD
WALKED
DOWNSTAIRS
TO THE
CELLAR
TO SEE
WHAT HE
COULD DO
WITH A
MACHINE-
GUN...



I STILL THINK
HE'S...

M-MAKE
HIM
STOP...

WELL,
MORELLI,
AM I
IN?

YEAH? ANYBODY
WHO CAN GLIP
A CIGAR OUT
OF A MAN'S
MOUTH RATES
AN IN WITH ME!



SO THE MACHINE-GUN MADMAN WAS
BORN...!

STEP ON IT,
LOUIE! THAT'S
THE END OF
THE KEEFER
NOB!

OWWWW



WORD WENT OUT TO THE UNDERWORLD ABOUT
THE NEW DIGER SPECIALIST... BUT WORD ALSO
HAD REACHED THE AUTHORITIES AND THE
PAROLE BOARD...

ALERT ALL UNITS...
SUSPECT IS
BELIEVED TO BE
A FORMER CONVICT!

IT CAN'T BE ANY-
BODY BUT SONNY
TERHUNE! LET'S
GO!



OUTWARDLY TERHUNE WAS THE
PICTURE OF RESPECTABILITY,
BUT HIS CLOTHES AND CAR
WERE TOO FLASHY!

YOU'VE GOT
ME WRONG!
CHECK WITH
MY EMPLOYER
IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

WE ALREADY
DID THAT!
TERHUNE...
ONE FALSE
MOVE...



TERHUNE'S CONFIDENCE IN
HIMSELF WAS BOUND TO
GIVE HIM AWAY... PAROLE
AGENTS KEPT A CLOSE
WATCH ON HIM...

ISN'T THAT TERHUNE?

YES! FOLLOW
HIM, WHILE
I CALL HEAD-
QUARTERS...



THE TWO AGENTS TRACED
TERHUNE TO MORELLI'S HIDE-
OUT, AND THEN THE ENTIRE
GANG TO A GAMBLING CASINO!
THEY HAD STUMBLED ONTO
A RIVAL GANG RAID!

PHONE IN! CALLING XLB...XLB
WE'RE ON-...COORDINATES
TO SOME- ZERO THREE
THING BIG! TWO...



MEANWHILE TERHUNE, WITH MORELLI'S GANG, HAD MADE THEIR ENTRANCE INTO THE CLUB...

LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL, FAST!

YOU HEARD HIM! OKAY, BOYS, GRAB THE DOUGH!



FIFTY GRAND TONIGHT, SLUGS! NOT BAD!

BOSS, THE COPS! WE'RE TRAPPED!



THEN A POWERFUL VOICE SHATTERED THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT!

MORELLI...TERHUNE... COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES!

SONNY---WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO? I...I WANT OUTA HERE!



HE'S NUTS! THE CRAZY FOOL'S NUTS! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED... STOP HIM!

COME AND GET US!



THE POLICE OPENED UP ON THE GANG... MINUTES LATER, TERHUNE AND MORELLI WERE THE ONLY ONES ALIVE...

I'M HIT... PLEASE, SONNY, GIVE UP... I... I... I WANNA LIVE... ARRGH!

NO, THIS TIME THEY'LL SEND ME TO FRY! I'M GONNA KILL 'EM ALL BEFORE THEY GET ME!



HERE I COME, BULLS... I'LL... YA-A-A-A-H!



WELL, THAT'S FUNNY... TWO MORE WEEKS... THAT! AND HE'D HAVE BEEN FREED ON PAROLE...



BUT FATE HAD MEANT FOR SONNY TERHUNE TO DIE, BECAUSE HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE! THUS ENDED THE BLOODY SAGA OF THE MACHINE-GUN MADMAN, ANOTHER PAROLE VIOLATOR WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT THE LAW...

The End

Success

Home Study

Will to Win

Character

Health

Age

How do you Measure Up?

Get the FACTS!
Mail Coupon Today!

HAVE YOU
GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?

to become a
**Criminal Investigator
Finger Print Expert?**

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You have everything to gain . . . nothing to lose! Here's your chance to learn at OUR expense whether you have "what it takes" to become a criminal investigator or finger print expert.

With NO OBLIGATION on your part—mail the coupon below requesting our *qualification* questionnaire. It will be sent to you by return mail. If, in our opinion, your answers to our simple questions indicate that you have the basic qualifications necessary to succeed in scientific crime detection, we will tell you promptly. Then you will also receive *absolutely free* the fascinating "Blue Book of Crime"—a volume showing how modern detectives actually track down real criminals.

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So this is your opportunity! We have been teaching finger print and firearms identification, police photography and criminal investigation for over 30 years! OUR GRADUATES—TRAINED THROUGH SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE, STEP BY STEP, HOME STUDY LESSONS—HOLD RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS IN OVER 800 U. S. IDENTIFICATION BUREAUS! We *know* what is needed to succeed—NOW we want to find out if *you* have it!

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Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

Name.....

Address..... RFD or Zone

City..... State..... Age.....



An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"**

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



**POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



**Rear View
FITS SNUG AT
SMALL OF BACK**
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!



**YOU NEED A
'CHEVALIER'!**

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon.



RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 4202E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.



FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly—we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 4202E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____ (Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

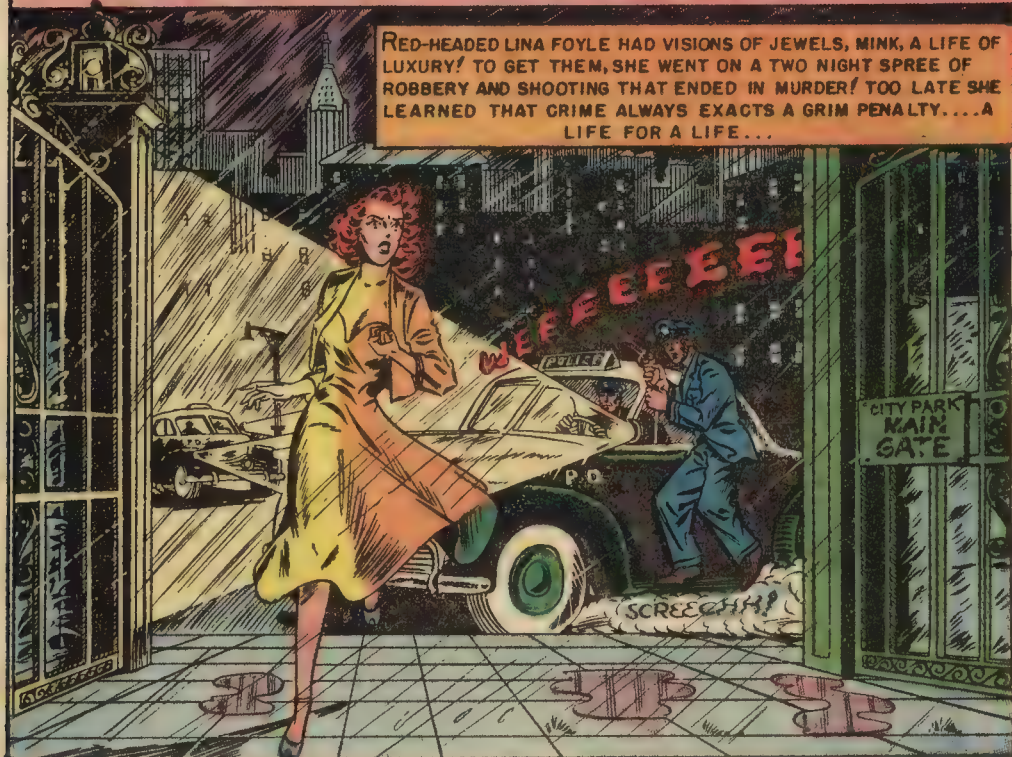
Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

☐ Save 65¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Some Free Trial and refund privilege.

LINA FOYLE... GUNMOLL!

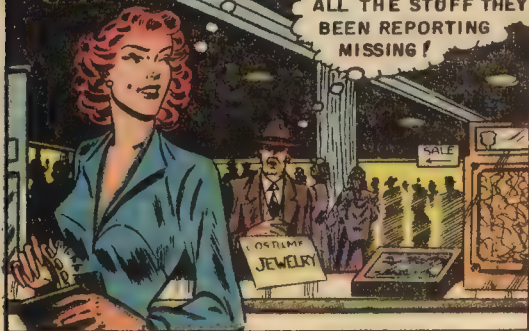
RED-HEADED LINA FOYLE HAD VISIONS OF JEWELS, MINK, A LIFE OF LUXURY! TO GET THEM, SHE WENT ON A TWO NIGHT SPREE OF ROBBERY AND SHOOTING THAT ENDED IN MURDER! TOO LATE SHE LEARNED THAT CRIME ALWAYS EXACTS A GRIM PENALTY... A LIFE FOR A LIFE...



A LARGE NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE AS A SALES-GIRL ATTEMPTS SHOP LIFTING...

...THEY'LL NEVER MISS IT!
THEY NEVER MISSED THE
OTHER STUFF I SWIPED...

ONE OF OUR
GIRLS A SHOPLIFTER!
I'LL BET SHE IS THE
ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR
ALL THE STUFF THEY'VE
BEEN REPORTING
MISSING!



ALL RIGHT, SISTER, LET'S
YOU AND I GO SEE THE
MANAGER!

I...I...
DIDN'T TAKE
ANYTHING! I
WAS JUST LOOK-
ING! HONEST!



UP IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

DON'T ARREST ME!
PLEASE!...I MUST
HAVE BEEN CRAZY!
I COULDN'T HELP
WHAT I DID...
I'M SORRY...

WHAT
AN ACT!

TAKE IT
EASY, MIKE.
LET'S LISTEN
TO THE
GIRL!

I'LL NEVER TAKE
ANOTHER THING!
THINK OF MY PARENTS!
THE DISGRACE
WILL KILL
THEM!

ALL RIGHT, I WON'T
PRESS CHARGES.OF
COURSE, YOU'RE
DISMISSED!

WHAT
A LINE!

I WOULDN'T
LIKE TO RUIN
A GIRL'S
LIFE FOR
ONE MISTAKE!

OH, THANK
YOU! I'LL
NEVER STEAL
AGAIN!

SUCKER!
I'D LIKE
TO SLAP
HIS FACE!

THAT NIGHT, IN A CHEAP
BROADWAY DANCE PALACE...

IT WORKED! HE'S COMING
OVER. HE
OUGHT TO
BE GOOD FOR
PLENTY...

HI, BABY!
THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE A
TWIRL AROUND
THE FLOOR!

DON'T MIND IF I DO!
MY...ER...DATE STOOD
ME UP. I'M LINA
FOYLE!WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?

PETE VELLO.
I GOT A HUNCH YOU
AND ME ARE GOING
TO BE GOOD
FRIENDS, BABY!

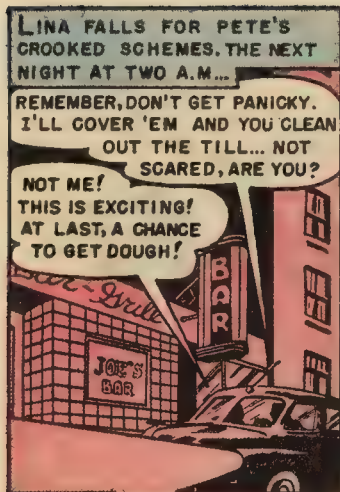
A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

I'M TIRED OF STANDING
BEHIND A COUNTER!
I WANT SOME
THRILLS...

YOU'RE THE DAME
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR!HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
HAVE PLENTY
OF THRILLS?

I'D DO ANYTHING--
TO GET WHAT I WANT--
ANYTHING!

THEN LISTEN TO ME,
AND WE'LL BE ROLLIN'
IN DOUGH! WE'LL MAKE
A GOOD TEAM!





MEANWHILE, THE TWO ARE HOLDING UP AN ALL-NIGHT DINER...

PETE! THERE'S ONLY ABOUT FIFTEEN BUCKS IN HERE. THE REST MUST BE HIDDEN!

THAT'S ALL THERE IS! BUSINESS HAS BEEN TERRIBLE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE BRAZEN PAIR TRY IT AGAIN IN AN 8TH AVE. CAFE...





HERE! THIS IS EVERY CENT IN THE HOUSE...

YOU GOT SENSE, BUB!



SEE, BABY, IT'S A GINCH! WE'RE LOADED!

WHY DIDN'T I MEET YOU SOONER! FROM NOW ON I START LIVING!



THE NEXT NIGHT LINA AND HER KILLER BOY FRIEND PUSH THEIR LUCK AGAIN...

LISTEN TO ME, PETE. THIS JOB WILL BRING IN BIG DOUGH! WHAT WE DID LAST NIGHT IS PEANUTS COMPARED TO THIS!

I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S TOO RISKY!



I TELL YOU THIS IS WHEN THEY COUNT THE EVENING'S TAKE. I KNOW. I WAS AN USHER HERE ONCE!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I GIVE IN!



A MINUTE LATER, IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

DON'T MOVE IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE!

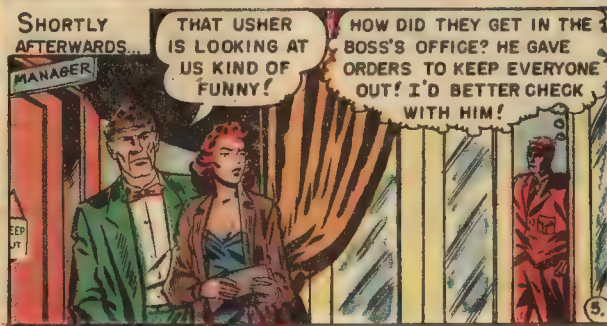
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!



THIS'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET HIS FEET ON THAT ALARM BUTTON UNDER HIS DESK!

GOOD WORK, BABY!

UHMM!

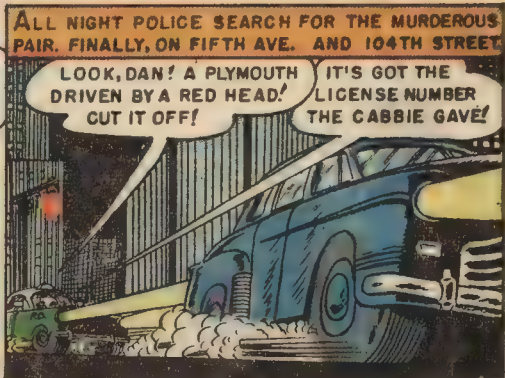
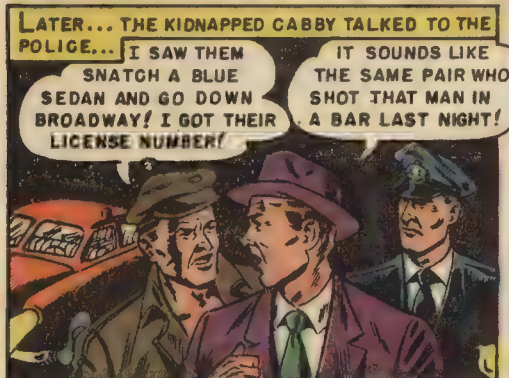
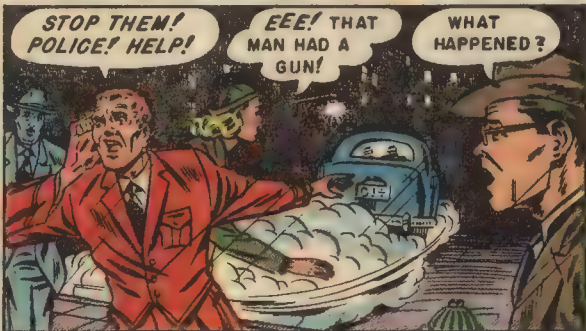
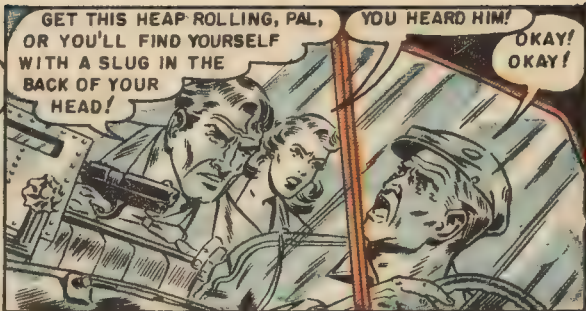


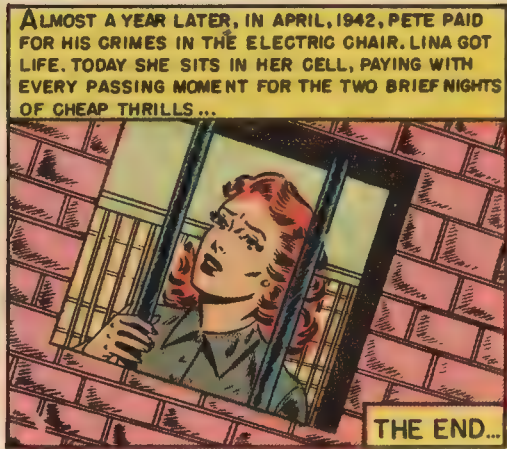
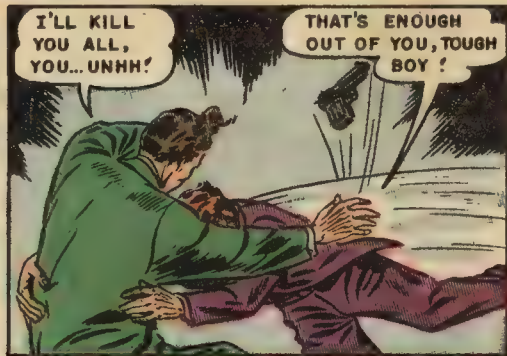
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

THAT USHER IS LOOKING AT US KIND OF FUNNY!

HOW DID THEY GET IN THE BOSS'S OFFICE? HE GAVE ORDERS TO KEEP EVERYONE OUT! I'D BETTER CHECK WITH HIM!

THEY ALMOST MADE IT, BUT...





CLEVELAND'S BUTCHER OF DEATH!

From 1937 to 1939 Cleveland, Ohio, cowered under an onslaught of terror. A bloody killer roamed the Cleveland streets, a murderer who decapitated his victims and cut off their arms and legs with surgical skill!

Every four months another corpse would be found, beheaded and without arms or legs. By the time the toll of victims added up to thirteen public fear bordered on hysteria. That is how matters stood on the June evening in 1939 when private investigator Lawrence "Pat" Lyons paid a visit to the office of Sheriff Martin O'Donnell.

"I've got a theory about the butcher," Lyons told the law officer. "I'd like your permission to do some work on the case."

The Sheriff smiled wryly. "Everybody has a theory," he said.

Lyons leaned forward. "If I had a deputy's badge I think I could bring in your man! There's only one saloon on East 79th Street. Every one of the killings has been done in its vicinity! And 79th Street leads into Kingsbury Run, the stretch of the Cuyahoga River in which most of the bodies have been found floating. It all adds up, to me!"

The sheriff pondered for a moment, and then reached slowly into his drawer for a deputy's badge.

Next morning Pat Lyons set down his nondescript suitcase on the top step of an East 79th Street rooming-house. He was dressed in shabby seaman's costume, and his face was unshaven. He rented a room, told the slatternly landlady that he would stay about a month, and then walked casually out of the house and down the street. He walked past the saloon, and then, almost as if struck by a sudden thirst, turned and went in.

On that first day he merely ordered a beer, exchanged a few gruff pleasantries with the bartender, and left. Next day he returned, and the day after that, and soon, via a few rounds of judiciously-bought free drinks, he was an accepted member of the daily group of drinkers.

One by one Pat singled out the habitués of the place, and sent their names to the police for investigation. But by the time three weeks had passed all the "regulars" had been checked, and the Sheriff was growing impatient. Then, on the night of June 20, 1939, as Pat stood at the bar drinking with a "regular" named Frank Dolezal, the break came. A well-knit man came in and ordered a drink, and Pat commented upon his obvious strength.

"I am stronger than he!" said Dolezal. There was something strange in the man's voice that made Pat look at him. Then his flesh began to creep, for the wild look on Dolezal's face spelled madness!

Casually, Lyons steered the topic of conversation towards women. Then he mentioned the name of the Butcher's last known victim. "Did you know Flo Polillo?" he asked carelessly.

Dolezal set down his beer glass and stared at it. "I remember her," he mumbled. His voice was barely audible. "I remember *that* one, all right!"

Lyons waited until Dolezal left his building for work next morning, then he entered the strong man's room. Hanging above the kitchen sink was a heavy meat-cleaver and a long, curved butcher's knife. Tingling with excitement; Lyons turned to the janitor.

"I wonder what those are for?" he asked.

"Oh, Frank used to be a butcher," he said carelessly. "I guess those are his tools."

Frank Dolezal was picked up immediately. Under the police microscopes traces of human blood were found on the butcher knife, and Dolezal confessed to the murder of Flo Polillo, but denied having committed the other twelve slayings.

Police confidently predicted that evidence brought out at his trial would link him with more of the murders. But Dolezal cheated the state. On August 24, 1939, he hanged himself in his cell.

No more grisly torsoes have appeared in Kingsbury Run, and the Cleveland police list the case as officially closed!

Two-Dollar Murder!

Mrs. Ted Grader stood on her porch for a moment, watching the green wheat fields, then she turned resolutely back to the numerous chores which awaited her attention.

Suddenly she stiffened. A farm woman who recognized a shot when she heard it, she had just heard the sound twice, deep and muffled, but carried by the wind from the adjoining farm.

"Wonder what they're shootin' at, this time o' year?" she asked herself. But she believed in minding her own business and she pushed the disturbing question from her mind. About ten minutes later, however, Mrs. Grader heard another noise. This time it came from the bushes right outside her door, a thrashing, frenzied sound. Hurrying outside, the woman saw the helpless, pathetic figure of her neighbor, John McCay, thirty-four, a victim of spastic paralysis. He hadn't been able to walk or talk since a seizure a few years before, yet he had evidently just crawled over four hundred yards of rugged terrain!

Someb'in' must be terribly wrong at the McCay place, Mrs. Grader thought. She dragged the babbling John up to her front porch and then ran wildly across the fields towards the McCay homestead.

Inside the house, Sam McCay, thirty-two, brother of the paralytic John, lay dead not far from the door, face down, a gaping wound between his shoulders. Allen McCay, sixty, father of the two men, lay sprawled on his back staring at the ceiling with sightless eyes. There was a bullet hole just under his heart.

Mrs. Grader ran to the telephone and dialed the number of the Hellman County Sheriff.

Sheriff Roberts realized immediately that the identity of the murderers was locked up in the paralyzed throat of John McCay. Unfortunately, no one could make any sense out of the tortured grunts and squeals which emanated from the man's mouth. It was only when Alice Brigham, John's married sister,

was sent for, that the information was handed over to the sheriff.

One week previous to the day of the murder, Allen McCay had given jobs to two transients. At the end of that week they had appeared in the kitchen of the McCay house and had shot and killed Sam and Allen McCay and looted their bodies of cash. John had been spared because they considered him harmless.

The local postmaster backed up John's story. Only two days previously, Allen McCay had mailed a letter to Waco City, Texas. When the postmaster had joshingly asked him who he knew there, Allen had replied that he was mailing the letter for one of his new hired men.

Sheriff Roberts immediately phoned the Waco City police. They discovered, upon questioning their postmaster, that someone had been writing Waco City for the past week, using a Kansas return address. The sender of the letters, Tony Johnson by name, had requested relatives that a money order be sent him in care of the local Kansas postmaster. The money order had been sent, but was not due to arrive in Kansas until the following day.

Next day, Roberts and his men stationed themselves inconspicuously around the post office. Around noontime two men approached the postmaster's window. When one of them asked for the money order which had arrived for Tony Johnson, the forces of the law closed in.

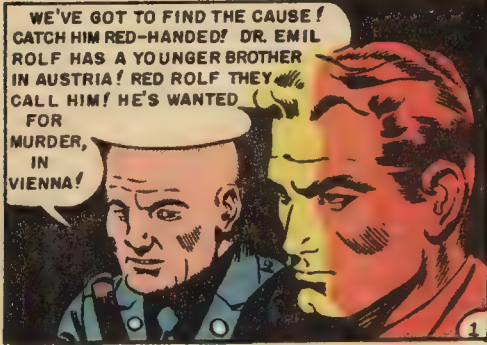
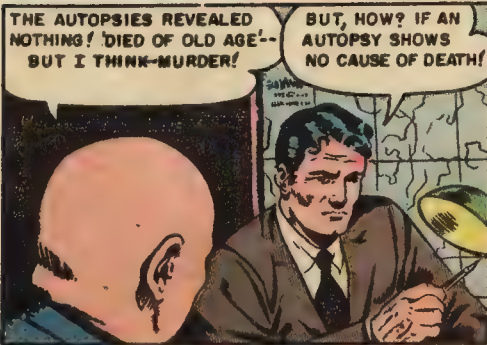
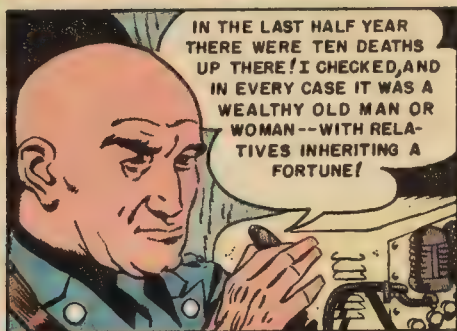
They submitted to arrest without resistance, and readily confessed their brutal crime. They had taken nineteen dollars from the pockets of the two corpses. Inasmuch as Allen McCay had owed them fifteen dollars in wages, they had received a "profit" of four dollars, two dollars for each of the bloody killings!

Tony Johnson and Bob Redding, his partner in murder, were tried and convicted in the summer of 1947, and sentenced to life terms at the Kansas State Penitentiary.

Death Comes Laughing



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS OF A SMALL WESTERN CITY, YOUNG DETECTIVE-SERGEANT BLAKE WAS SUMMONED BY HIS CHIEF...



"HERE'S HIS PHOTO! HE ESCAPED FROM A VIENNA JAIL LAST YEAR..."



ANYWAY... A SCHEMING HEIR WANTS HIS OLD UNCLE TO DIE! THE OLD FELLOW GOES TO THE SANATORIUM FOR A 'REST CURE'... AND HE DIES!

BUT HOW CAN WE PROVE IT?



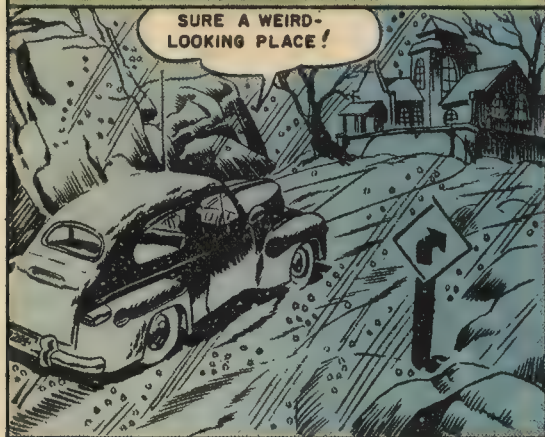
I WANT YOU TO SPEND THE WEEK-END UP THERE! TELL DR. ROLF YOU HAVE AN OLD RELATIVE...

OKAY, I'LL TRY IT, CHIEF! WISH ME LUCK!



IT WAS A SATURDAY EVENING IN DECEMBER, SNOWING HEAVILY, WHEN YOUNG DETECTIVE BLAKE DROVE UP TO THE MYSTERIOUS SANATORIUM...

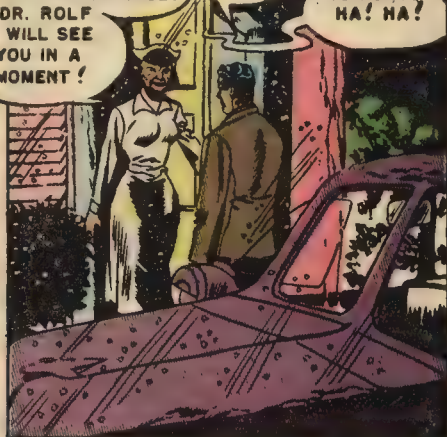
SURE A WEIRD-LOOKING PLACE!



COME IN! I AM KATHERINE, THE HEAD NURSE! DR. ROLF WILL SEE YOU IN A MOMENT!

THANK YOU!

HA! HA! I FEEL FINE TONIGHT! HA! HA!



AS HE WAITED IN THE LITTLE RECEPTION ROOM, OCCASIONAL BURSTS OF CRACKED SENILE LAUGHTER SOUNDED...

WONDERFUL PLACE, THIS! I FEEL MUCH BETTER ALREADY! HA! HA!

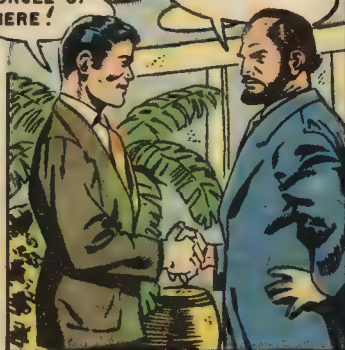
SURE ARE HAPPY PATIENTS! UGH....



THEN DR. ROLF CAME, AND...

MY NAME IS ALAN JONES! I'M CONSIDERING BRINGING MY UNCLE UP HERE!

OUR PRICES ARE NOT CHEAP! YOUR UNCLE IS...ER... WEALTHY...?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, DOC! WHY... WHEN HE DIES, I'LL BE RICH FOR LIFE!

I SEE! WELL, I'M SURE HE'LL LIKE IT HERE, MR. JONES! WE'LL DISCUSS THIS FURTHER TOMORROW!

SOUNDS PROMISING! BUT...



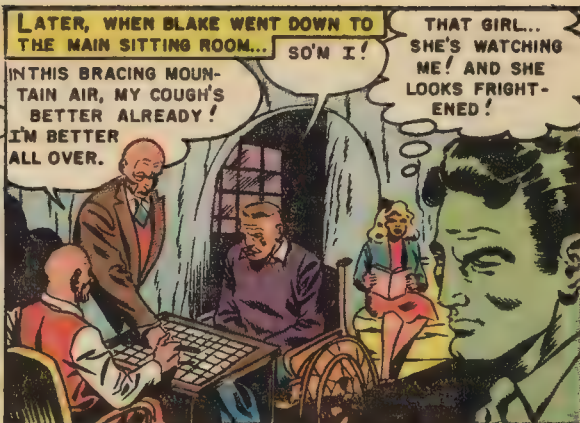


TO BLAKE, THE WEIRD PLACE SEEMED BROODING WITH EERIE HORROR! DID THIS SINISTER-LOOKING HEAD NURSE SUSPECT HIM?

THANK YOU!

I HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE, MR. JONES!

(UGH! SHE SURE LOOKS AT ME QUEERLY!)



LATER, WHEN BLAKE WENT DOWN TO THE MAIN SITTING ROOM...

SO'M I!

IN THIS BRACING MOUNTAIN AIR, MY COUGH'S BETTER ALREADY! I'M BETTER ALL OVER.

THAT GIRL... SHE'S WATCHING ME! AND SHE LOOKS FRIGHTENED!



THEN... OH... I'M SORRY!

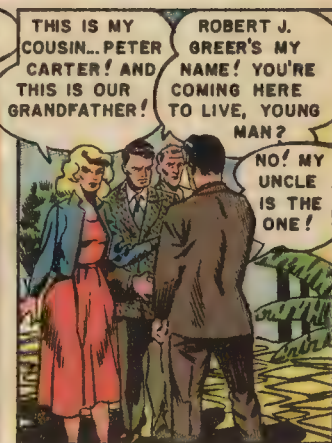
THANK YOU!... OH, PLEASE... I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU!

WHA...?!



I'M JANICE GREER! MY GRANDFATHER'S HERE... I'M SO FRIGHTENED! I WANT TO TELL YOU...

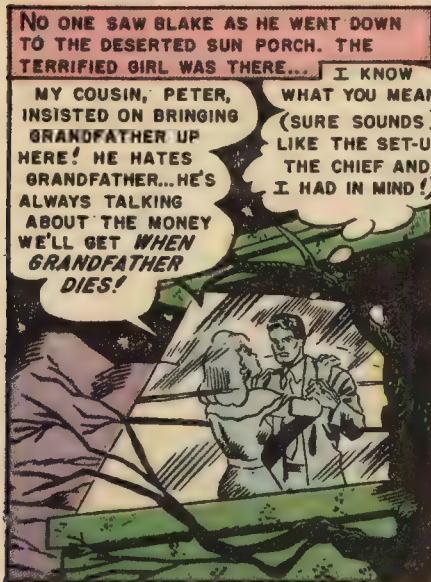
NOT NOW! I'LL BE ON THE SUN-PORCH HERE... AT MIDNIGHT!



THIS IS MY COUSIN... PETER CARTER! AND THIS IS OUR GRANDFATHER!

ROBERT J. GREER'S MY NAME! YOU'RE COMING HERE TO LIVE, YOUNG MAN?

NO! MY UNCLE IS THE ONE!



NO ONE SAW BLAKE AS HE WENT DOWN TO THE DESERTED SUN PORCH. THE TERRIFIED GIRL WAS THERE...

I KNOW

MY COUSIN, PETER, INSISTED ON BRINGING GRANDFATHER UP HERE! HE HATES GRANDFATHER... HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE MONEY WE'LL GET WHEN GRANDFATHER DIES!

WHAT YOU MEAN! (SURE SOUNDS LIKE THE SET-UP THE CHIEF AND I HAD IN MIND!)



THEN, SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE WINDOW THEY SAW...

THAT'S DR. ROLF AND KATHERINE, THE HEAD NURSE.

BRINGING IN A COFFIN! SO MANY PEOPLE DIE HERE! OH, PLEASE... I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE... TAKE US AWAY!



I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE! TAKE ME UP TO YOUR GRANDFATHER!

HE'S IN ROOM A-12... UPSTAIRS!

AND UPSTAIRS IN THE OLD MAN'S BEDROOM...

GRANDFATHER? WAKE UP!

EH? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE AIR HERE IS CERTAINLY QUEER! MAKES YOUR HEAD REEL!?!?



THEN BLAKE DASHED DOWN A BACK STAIRCASE INTO THE CELLAR, AND...

GOT YOU RED-HANDED! YOUR GAME'S UP, ROLF!

WHA--??



FOR A MOMENT BLAKE DESPERATELY FOUGHT THIS WEIRD ADVERSARY, AND THEN...

RED ROLF? SO THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING??!



SUDDENLY BLAKE'S EARS WERE ROARING, HIS HEAD SPINNING! A QUEER DESIRE TO LAUGH STRUCK HIM! THEN HE HAD AN IDEA, AND...

JANICE-- LOOK AT THIS MATCH! I UNDERSTAND THINGS NOW!

W-WHAT'S THE MATTER! MY--MY HEART'S RACING... POUNDING!



I OUGHT TO KILL YOU, BUT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WILL DO IT NEATER!



RACING, POUNDING HEARTS! BLAKE'S CHEST FELT AS THOUGH IT WOULD BURST...

JANICE, GET YOUR GRANDFATHER TO THE WINDOW!

I--I FEEL SO QUEER!



THEN IN THE DIM CELLAR, ANOTHER FIGURE SUDDENLY WAS ATTACKING BLAKE!

SO YOU SPY ON US? THEN YOU MUST DIE!

WHA--?? THE HEAD NURSE!



YOUNG PETER CARTER CONFESSED HIS PART IN THE STRANGE AFFAIR! THE WEIRD CASE OF THE MURDER SANATORIUM WAS CLOSED! AND THAT NEXT DAY, AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS...

DR. ROLF WAS PIPING PURE OXYGEN UP TO THE ROOMS! OLD PATIENTS -- HEARTS OVER-STIMULATED BY THE GAS! AND AFTER DEATH-- THE EXCESS OF OXYGEN EVAPORATES FROM THE BLOOD! NO AUTOPSY CAN SHOW THE CAUSE OF DEATH!

AND THAT MATCH YOU LIGHTED --- BURNING SO BRIGHTLY IN THE OXYGEN-- TIPPED YOU OFF! GOOD WORK, BLAKE!



YOU can WIN

This big 15" Silver Trophy as John Sill just did!



Your Name
on it

YES! John Sill

like millions, mailed me 10c and a coupon like the one below YOU MAIL NOW!

"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

But look at me NOW, PAL...

A Trophy-Winning JOWETT HE-MAN

Like YOU can be SOON!

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Let me make YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



DARLING! THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN!



JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!



JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION!



JOES JOWETT HE-MAN STRENGTH AND BUILD WON HIM THOSE STRIPES!

YES! JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's movie-star champion build—his mighty ARMS, his heroic CHEST, his rock-like TORSO, his broad BACK, his military SHOULDERS. His newly-born POPULARITY with fellows. The way GIRLS flock around him. His prowess on the ATHLETIC field. His double energy at work.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're 14 or 40; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to

MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES

Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST! Friend, I've travelled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. So MAIL COUPON NOW!

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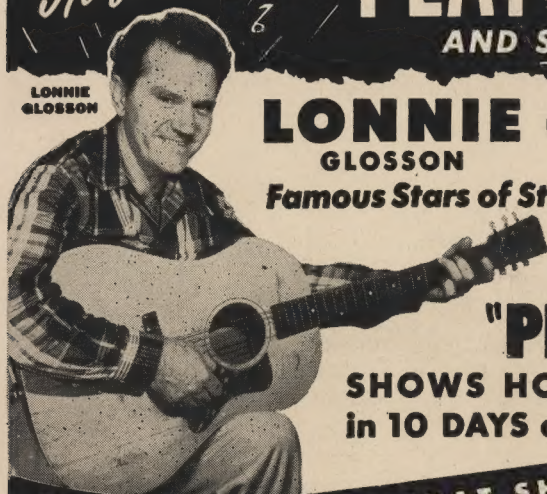
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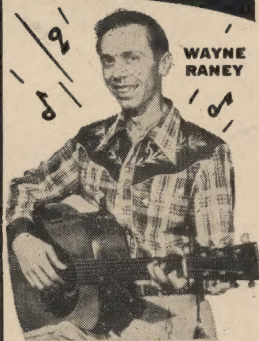
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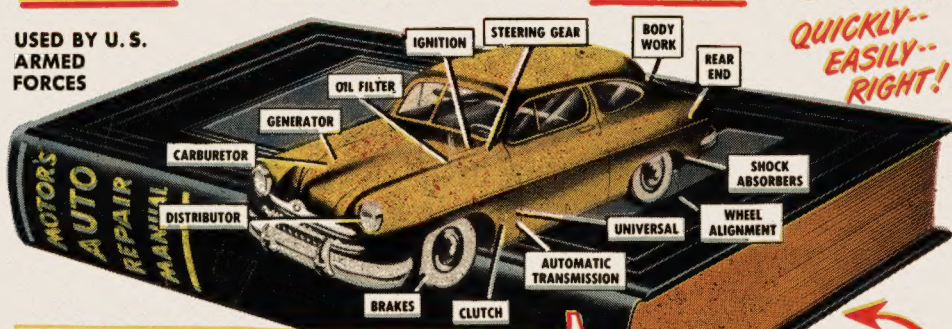
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